

N. 11.
E U B U L U S.

O R

A Free and Loyal

DISCOURSE.

T O

His Sacred

MAJESTY,

B Y

One of His most faithfull

SUBJECTS.



By George Pander

Anno M. DC. LX.

Am m^r Hamilton

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To
HIS SACRED
MAJESTY.

H *Eavens darling, Charls, great Britains joy,
The neighbour world's surprise and wonder,
Whose patience hath all wrongs brought under,
And prayers could all plots destroy;
Whose Kingdomes long have been the Stage
Of madness, and rebellious rage;
Deign, with a lowly look, to read
His zeal who from the Baltick Isles
(Opprest with neighbour force the whiles)
To Heaven did, praying for Thee, plead.*



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1
HE that from all Eternity,
Was ever in himself most blest,
Great, glorious, mightie, wise and just,
And shall the same for ever be:
He that to Time a day did lend,
And set the Term when it shall end;
That shall the world in ashes bury:
He that the happy Angels made
To sing his praise, and laid the pride
Of Divels in Dungeons in his fury.

2

He that could with a word create,
This All so glorious in our sight,
That out of darkness could draw light,
And to the Sea her limits set:
He, whose (even meanest) works are wonders,
Whose look is lightning, words are thunders,
Who Heaven doth roul, Earth's center shakes:
He that of dust frail man did frame,
To bear his Image, bless his Name,
And pleasure in his Creatures takes.

A 3

He

He that the Seasons doth dispense,
 Makes fertile fields and barren wombs,
 That shall rouse Tyrants from their Tombs,
 With flames their faults to recompense:
 He by whom Kings are more then men,
 That casts down and sets up again:
 He that of Sheep-hooks Scepters makes:
 He that for Prince and Peoples sins,
 With judgments at his Church begins,
 His Children never quite forsakes.

He that is only wise and just,
 Who laughs all human wit to scorn:
 He that provides for the unborn,
 And lays proud greatness in low dust;
 To punish sin and peoples pride,
 Whose fullness casts his fear aside;
 To follow sense (as we have done,)
 When wickedness is at the height,
 His heavy hand full sore doth light,
 On those that such strange courses run.

Great

Great Charls thy patience proves this true,
 How States with changes tossed are,
 And Crowns are crush'd in civil War :
 When Treason dare her deeds avow :
 When bold Rebellion breaketh out
 In armed bands, and madly stout,
 Shakes off all fear of God and Man :
 When people dare a right pretend
 To curb their King, their crimes defend,
 At these thy sufferings first began.

A heavy Tempest of Heavens wrath,
 Now long hath tols'd thy troubled state,
 First setting Kingdoms at debate,
 VWhere force doom'd innocence to death,
 VWhile might made right, and loyalty
 VWas treason in the high'st degree ;
 VWhile to be honest was a crime ;
 VWhile Schismaticks and Sectaries,
 More knaves then fools, preach'd tales and lies
 To gull the simple serve the time.

When

When proud sedition gave the Law ;
 And banish'd justice left the Land ;
 When force had got the upperhand,
 And tyranny the sword did draw
 To kill the Just, and made a prey
 Of all that did not like their way ;
 When Temples were to stables turn'd ;
 When to serve God, and love the King,
 Did undelayed ruine bring ;
 When Rogues did rule and good men mourn'd.

Whil'st mutin'd members did conspire
 Against the head, and day was night ;
 Whil'st right was wrong, and black was white,
 Hell blowing up seditions fire ;
 Whil'st God's pure worship was defac'd,
 His Messengers depos'd, disgrac'd,
 Or martyr'd for the truth they preach'd ;
 While Racks and Gibbets did proclaim
 The danger to invoke his name,
 And here sie the height had reach'd.

VWhen

Where poor seduced souls were led,
 In by-paths to Despair and Death,
 By the infected stinking breath
 Of Priests, who them with poison fed:
 When Moses Chair, was made the Stool
 Of wickedness; the Church, a School
 Of Schism to check the Lord's anointed:
 When Sacraments were banish'd quite,
 And every Coblar claim'd a right
 To preach the Gospel, as appointed.

When private interest and pride,
 Cloak'd with false zeal, by furies driven,
 Pretended still the right of Heaven,
 Wrong'd in their cause, with them would side.
 When (O what wickedness!) a few,
 The Levites tongues and people drew,
 To blame thy Sire, and bind his hands,
 And in a blessed Reformation,
 Stirr'd up the strength of either Nation,
 To violate His just Commands.

When servants (bought) their trust betraid,
 And Judas like their Master sold;
 When insolence grew madly bold,
 And poor plain-dealing lurk'd afraid;
 When wealth was sought by hook and crook;
 When Rascals from the rich men took
 Their well got substance, with pretence,
 They were Delinquents, Royalists,
 And underhand did Charls assist,
 Whil'st no such zeal was their offence.

When Jack and Tom, now Cor'nels made,
 Leaving the Needle and the Aul,
 Had learn'd to look big in the Hall,
 When they were with Commissions clad
 To press the Peers, the people plague,
 Whose patience still must bear and beg;
 As burthens daily did increase,
 Whil'st liberty was still pretended,
 But slavery was the thing intended,
 And Fines refin'd did never cease.

When

When those familiar spirits, Spies,
 Did haunt each honest man and house,
 And first in free discourse brake loose
 T'accuse the times and then tell lies;
 When friends and neighbours durst not meet
 Without suspicion in full street,
 And conversation was debarr'd;
 When looks were censured, words were wrest,
 Thoughts judg'd, where nothing was exprest,
 What Inquisition was so hard?

Old Fable tells a pretty Tale,
 The Danes about to chuse a King,
 When interest did great disputes bring,
 Most voices must at last prevail,
 The first thing that came in the room,
 Should be invested in the Crown,
 Be what it would (Chance sent a Dog,)
 Him they receiv'd; and England so
 Cri'd up a Cur, who did o'rthrow
 All Rights and ruled like a Rogue.

But't was the goodness of our God,
 That did thy Sacred Person save,
 When Rebels swords had digg'd thy Grave,
 And made thee seek thy home abroad;
 Till that unlucky Viprous brood,
 That had imbrew'd the Lands in blood,
 Did fall a biting one another;
 And he that did thy life preserve
 For better daies, doth yet reserve
 Blessings for thee, these wrongs to smother.

He that in all these Civil broils,
 From Rebels fury rescu'd thee,
 Still to preserve a Royalty,
 Though thy just cause had many foils;
 Would thereby teach thee not to trust
 To th' arm of flesh, which is but dust;
 And men whose hands and hearts do fail;
 When fear or interest, wife and friends,
 Preach they should have no other ends,
 But hold the party doth prevail.

That

That Storm (thanks be to God) is past,
 The Clouds are cleer'd, the Day doth smile;
 Though we have been oppress'd a while,
 Our prayers have prevail'd at last;
 And though our sins deserved more,
 God's Mercy infinite in store,
 Hath whipp'd us with a Fathers hand;
 VVe were a wicked generation,
 Deserving utter extirpation,
 And to be spew'd out of the Land.

That Hydra which thy Lands did waft,
 Lies choaked in his stinking gore;
 Thy people whom his fury tore,
 Now sing to see their sorrows past;
 Thy sight to them new life doth lend,
 Their prayers do thy steps attend;
 Heavens hear their wishes all for thee,
 Their loyal hearts just hopes do raise
 Of happy Halcyonian daies,
 In thy blest'd Reign and Life to see.

The Spirit of deceit and lies,
 Which cunning knaves did long profess,
 The weaker vulgar to possess,
 And warranted their villanies;
 Is now departed from those men,
 That durst God's Oracles prophane,
 To make him Complice of their crimes;
 Though his long patience let them preach
 Schism, Nonsense, and Allegiance breach,
 Yet did his soul abhor the times.

While Piety pretended most
 The Clergies greatness to reform,
 Which rais'd the sad and wofull storm,
 That so much Christian blood hath cost,
 Power was the point of their ambition,
 Who aiming at a high condition,
 Involv'd the Church and State in bloud;
 And that they might their ends attain,
 Did Heaven and holy things prophane,
 Yet ne'r could reach't do what they would.

Now

Now those black birds of night are fled,
 The stinking Harpies, whose foul claws
 Did stain God's Altars, tore thy Laws,
 Lurk in dark holes of light afraid:
 Those black mouth'd Curs that barked late,
 The Mastive guards of monstrous State,
 The Lions look hath frightened so,
 They see no safety here for them,
 Their consciences their deeds condemn,
 And they to Hell will headlong go.

The Fogs are clear'd that choaked late
 The soundest Subjects wholsom breath,
 Whose honest bosoms drew in death
 From poisoned air the steem of State,
 Whil'st all thy Courts corrupted were,
 And Justice Seat was made a snare
 T' intrap the harmless innocent,
 Now in thy long wish'd happy Reign
 Astræa shall return again,
 And Honesty from banishment.

The

The judgments of our God are just,
 And we had merited far more,
 But 't was his mercy that forbore
 To plague our Riot, Pride, and Lust.
 Both Prince and People, Church and State,
 Had forfeit in offences great,
 Lull'd in a Lethargy of sin.
 All what we dream'd or did desire,
 Did but add fuell to that fire
 VVerais'd, to fall our selves therein.

And since his mercy did forbear,
 The measure of our faults to pay;
 The dawn of thine approaching day,
 Hath struck these Baals Priests with fear;
 No counterfeit Enthousiasts,
 Whose gifts but with their yawning lasts,
 Have dar'd to whean or sigh among us;
 Their words drawn out with feigned groines
 And tears, to take the simple ones,
 Have no more charms nor power to wrong us.

Rise

Rise then, fair Sun, from that dark Cloud,
 VWhich did eclipse thy growing light,
 And shine in vertues glory bright,
 Great Charls, our hope of whom we're proud,
 Let Justice led by Clemency,
 Thy Cabin Counsellors still be,
 To cherish vertue, punish vice;
 So shall thy greatness gain the name
 Of Just, and spread thy noble fame,
 As far as Suns do set and rise.

Now Palms thy Palaces shall deck,
 And Olives bind thy sacred brows;
 The furthest Climbs that Titan knows,
 To thee shall Suppliants direct,
 And beg thy Subjects they may be,
 Their faith ingage, take Laws from thee,
 And in their Fanes thy statues raise:
 VWhile Britain blest'd in thine abode,
 Shall laugh at all the VWorld abroad,
 To see at home new golden daies.

To thee God's Priests shall prostrate come,
 Who late in silent sighs did mourn,
 T' enjoy their prayers glad return;
 Since Heavens have haply brought thee home,
 The altars of true hearts now smoke
 With thanks and praise, while they invoke
 His holy name to blest thy Reign;
 And now their wishes crave no more,
 But that the God whom all adore,
 May long thy lawfull power maintain.

Now peace and plenty in our land,
 Shall make the furrows flow with gold,
 The hills and dales our flocks shall fold;
 Our cloaths in heaps laid on the strand,
 Shall fraught whole Fleets to forraign shores,
 Where all the World our woll adores,
 And for them change their richest ware;
 Our Ships the Oceans back shal plough
 Till Neptune groan, to make him know
 Thou art the only Sovereign there.

The Worlds fast and vast continent,
 Divided in strange Colonies,
 In Empires, States and Monarchies,
 With jars and factions torn and rent,
 Shall fear thy force and mighty power,
 Not knowing whom thou'lt first devour,
 If once thine anger kindled be;
 And to prevent their ruine sure,
 Shall strive who may be first secure,
 By begging of thine amity.

When neighbour Kings fall at debate,
 In Battels rang'd their cause to plead;
 Before the fields see any dead,
 Thy wisdom shall their rage abate,
 And reconcile their rancune so,
 That both shall to thy verdict ow
 Their Crowns, and what they do possess;
 The Heathen hearing but thy name,
 Shall on their Altars grave the same,
 And worship thee whom Heavens bless.

Now shall thy VWorld-divided Isle
 Boast of more fair and happy daies,
 Then those where Titan's hotter rays
 Of Spices smel, on Pearls do smile:
 Thy gracious influence, shall give
 Religion vigour to revive,
 And raise up honour from the dust:
 By thee our Rights shall be maintain'd,
 Our Goods restor'd which force detain'd,
 And Power shall be no more unjust.

Religion rent in rags, and torn
 By Schisms, fanatick fools and knaves,
 VWho sought to keep the people slaves,
 And made God's service Gospels scorn;
 Now begging thy protection comes,
 VWhen Bels do ring instead of Drums;
 And Prayers incense needs no matches,
 Nor pikes, to push her forward zeal,
 For she to Heaven did still appeal,
 In midst of all her gards and watches.

The poor oppressed Innocent,
 VVho for their Loyalty did smart,
 And must with lands and livings part
 To save their lives in banishment;
 VVhose goods were seased as they fled,
 Their wives and children beggars made;
 Themselves for hunger starv'd abroad,
 Now by thy Justice hope to be,
 Restor'd to lands and liberty,
 And praying for thee, praise our God.

Heavens now have chang'd the times; and men
 That change with times, have chang'd their notes;
 Those that spew'd gall from pois'ned throats,
 Now sing thy praises loud again.
 Can greater glory gild a Prince?
 Or greater shame his foes convince;
 Then when those mouths that curs'd him late,
 Now pray for his prosperity,
 And give themselves, themselves the ly?
 No Conquest ever was so great.

Great Charls, who from the glorious Race
 Of Gathel draws thy long descent,
 Which hundred and ten Kings hath lent
 To Fergus Throne thy stem to grace;
 Fear thou that God by whom Kings reign,
 Thy Subjects shall fear thee again;
 And he that did the Heavens frame,
 Though he hath curb'd thine Ancestours,
 And us, for their great sins and ours,
 On thine shall fix the Diadem.

And as Heavens favour hath more free
 Shin'd on thy Throne then other States,
 Which forraign force, homebred debates,
 Have chang'd from what they wont to be;
 Since Scepters have transferred been
 To strangers, as all lands have seen,
 And Royal Races rooted out;
 Adore that power by whom Kings reign,
 Fear him, his worship pure maintain;
 So shall thy life be blest, ne'r doubt.

Let

Let now thy care and study be,
 The Church to purge of Sects and Schism,
 The Court of Vice and Atheism;
 And Justice Seats of Bribery;
 Let vagabonds and idle men,
 Berake them to their Trades again,
 And by their honest labours live;
 VWho will not work, ought not to eat,
 Drones must not feed on others sweat,
 The Law must them their measure give.

Kings are from God for blessings given,
 Not only people to command,
 But to be fathers to the Land;
 By love to make all things go even;
 And when their Children do transgress
 In misdemeanours, more or less,
 VVith wisdom weighing the offence,
 To measure out the punishment,
 Or pardon, when they do repent,
 Their power such favour may dispense.

Kings are called Gods on earth, and why?
 Not that their bodies more then men
 Of heavenly substance point out them :
 No, they are mortal, born to die.
 'T is that great Justice that doth shine
 In him, whom God by choice divine,
 Hath marked out above the rest
 To sway the Scepter, draw the sword,
 God's image fair, the Sovereign Lord,
 VVhom Might and Majesty invest.

'T is not a Crown that makes a King,
 That but decores his sacred head,
 A mark of Sovereignty and dread,
 'T is love that doth obedience bring;
 The Scepter doth but shew his power,
 His Justice doth confirm it more,
 And keeps his Subjects in just aw;
 By which his people plainly see
 That God hath set him up, to be
 His Lievtenant, the speaking Law.

The fear that doth from love proceed,
 When Mercy doth with Justice reign,
 And Kings their Subjects rights maintain,
 A reverence in their hearts doth breed;
 And is a guard more strong by far,
 Then armed Bands of Men of War,
 Which are but marks of Majesty;
 For love alone secureth States,
 And Kings may sleep with open gates,
 Whose Subjects hearts their Watch-men be.

As God hath set the King on high,
 And put the Helm into his hand
 To steer the State, and stedfast stand
 In storms where unseen dangers ly,
 That he may keep a constant course,
 Wisdom as needfull is as force,
 And knowledge given him from above,
 If he do alwaies meditate
 That study of the Sea of State,
 His voyage prosperous shall prove.

As knowledge doth a King become,
 And maketh him most like his Maker;
 Yet to make him of Heaven pertaker,
 'Tis zeal that must accomplish him.
 True piety a Prince commends,
 A fiery squadron him defends,
 That makes his God his help and hope;
 No fierce nor fraud his conscience fears,
 His countenance a calm still bears,
 Whose ears to great and small are ope.

As lights on high, looks upward draw,
 So Princes lives are patterns made,
 To those that sit in lower shade,
 Who take example for a law:
 No Precept hath such power o'r men,
 To follow Vertue's path, as when
 They see their King that rout doth hold;
 The Country imitates the Court.
 In fashions, faults, in life and sport,
 And great mens scapes makes meaner bold.

But that which most takes Subjects hearts,
 Whose service doth expect reward,
 Is when the King hath a regard
 To loyalty and just deserts;
 When by his bounty he excites,
 The courage of aspiring spirits
 To serve his person and the State;
 His hand must not be shut, yet free
 From lavish prodigality,
 Which doth vast Treasures dissipate.

Nor is that all, for men of merit,
 His favour must advance them higher;
 Valour new honours doth require,
 And wisdom place to employ the spirit;
 When these two Pillars do support
 The Royal Throne, then 'tis a Fort,
 A Cittadel of sure defence,
 No forraign force, nor home-bred jars,
 Can shake it in the storm of Wars;
 Such Bulwarks beat all harm from thence.

When vertue guards the Regal Throne,
 And Justice holds the Ballance even,
 When each one hath true measure given;
 And persons are not look'd upon,
 Where favour doth not free the great,
 Nor power oppresses the low estate,
 When poor and rich are heard alike;
 When the stern Judge that reads the Laws,
 Sees not the party but the cause,
 And freely doth by sentence strike.

Sire, now that God hath given you power
 To vindicate those injuries,
 That Traitors, Rebels, Sectaries
 Heap'd up, your people to devour:
 Let your great mercy pardon all
 Who prostrate at your feet do fall,
 Or punish with deserved rods;
 Some have been blinded, some were knaves,
 Those Heaven unto your Justice leaves;
 But clemency makes Kings like Gods.

To pardon is a Prince's glory,
 VVhen crimes are capable of grace;
 If wickedness do right outface,
 Then Laws must strike, though he be sorry.
 Our Saviour's mild example pray'd,
 It might not to their charge be laid,
 VVhose ignorance doom'd him to die;
 Those that 'gainst thee have forfeit most,
 Are in their own souls judgement lost,
 And from thy mercy's reach will fly.

Though in that Royal Race and Role,
 Of thy most glorious Ancestours,
 VVhose meekness moderate their powers,
 And Clemency Fame doth extol;
 The number doth exceed compare
 Of any Kings that ever were:
 Yet none doth match thy blessed Sire,
 His grace and mercy was so great,
 That as his soul all sin did hate,
 No sinner's death he did desire.

Thy life, great Charls, in thine exile,
 Hath taught thee by experience,
 Thy Royal favours to dispense;
 On whom to frown, and where to smile,
 To judge of merit, service prize,
 Know men, and see with clearer eyes,
 Then those that take all things on trust,
 From others hearing and report,
 Whose lies are oft rewarded for't,
 And make the King do things unjust.

From that foul poison that doth work
 On Princes, more then private men,
 And of all greatness is the bane,
 Though in fair shew it slyly lurk,
 The Heavens preserve thy sacred ears,
 From sycophants and flatterers,
 Who seek to rise by others fall;
 In choice of Favourites be wise,
 (If you'l have any) vulgar eyes
 By them will scan your actions all.

Since

Since he who was your only trust,
 Hath heard your prayers, and the vows
 Of those whose honesty Heaven knows,
 Whose wishes still for you were just;
 Since naked hearts have call'd you home,
 And Armies not as Ushers come
 To strew your way with slaughtered bones:
 Sire, thank that God that lov'd you so,
 That he a smother way did shew,
 In shouts of joy to turn our groans.

That shame and fear have influence
 On men and times, none will deny,
 Since these are Touch-stones that do try
 The weak and worthy conscience:
 Even in the height of our disorders,
 When faith seem'd banish'd from our borders,
 And but small hopes appear'd for thee,
 Great Charls, thy matchless constancy,
 Did find a fast integrity
 In some that long'd thy face to see,

Our

Our prayers, hopes and all our wishes,
 Heaven knows, did still reflect on thee,
 As the most precious Legacy
 He left (his people) whome time blesses:
 Go on, great King, God shall thee guide,
 His Providence that did provide
 For thee, in deep of our despair,
 Shall lead thee in that glorious way
 Of Kings that his just power obey,
 And all thy ruin'd Rights-repair.

Thrice happy is that Land, that sees
 Her Scepter sway'd by such a Prince,
 VVhose life doth wickedness convince,
 VVhose person with his place agrees;
 Such have our wishes found in thee,
 Great Charls, by Heavens preserv'd, to be
 Our blessing, glory and defender,
 May we prove thankfull people then
 To God, and pay to thee again
 Th' obedience we are bound to render.

Heavens

Heavens grant thee holy David's zeal,
 His valour and prosperity,
 In Wars success and victory,
 Their Oracles to thee reveal,
 The wisdom of his glorious son,
 And make thee Britains Salomon;
 With honour crown thy sacred head;
 Bless all thy great and good designs,
 And make thy Coffers flowing Mines,
 That all the Earth thy power may dread.

May Sea and Land thy Laws obey,
 When in thine own or Allies quarrel,
 Thy Standards do the fields apparel,
 And Armies make for Justice way:
 Protect thy friends from force and wrong,
 Restore what's ravish'd by the strong,
 And render every one his own;
 Let not thy kinsmen be oppress'd,
 But see their injuries redress'd,
 And pull usurping greediness down.

In God's pure worship keep us free
 From Innovations (Faith's defender)
 Mens consciences are weak and tender,
 Beleeve will not constrained be:
 Let Church-men keep within their spheres,
 And meddle with no State affairs;
 But preach as their profession binds them,
 Repentance, zeal, obedience
 To God and King, who can dispense
 His favours to them as he finds them.

So shall all happiness attend
 Thy gracious and long-wished reign;
 Heavens blessings, like a fruitfull rain,
 Upon thy person shall descend;
 Plenty and peace shall fill thy Lands,
 Thy Subjects love thy just commands,
 While thou defend'st the Church and State;
 And all the neighbour World shall learn,
 Their different duties to discern,
 To Charls the Good and Charls the Great.

VIVAT REX.

Auxilio solius Dei.

Funen
D*Evicto Sueco, Fionia recepta, hæc sa-
crabat Vota Regi Svo Potentissimo Caro-
lo II, Magnæ Britannię Monarchæ, Otto-
niæ Fionum.*

G. L. Scotus.